

Happily Ever After (REVISED) PART ONE: QUINN

by VortexVixen

Category: Sliders
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-04-16 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-04-16 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 14:47:41
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,474
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: (I've changed it after getting lots of reviews.)

Happily Ever After (REVISED) PART ONE: QUINN

Happily Ever After, (Revised.) (I revised this story because I got several reviews telling me to add more details and make it longer. I wanted to the first time I wrote it, but I didn't have enough time to do it. I have also added more about Wade. I just recently saw "Requiem" for the first time, and although I am a Maggie Fan, I feel sorry for Wade. This story comes before "Requiem", so I could change Wade's future. I hope you all enjoy this version better! -VortexVixen {now "Sly_der"!}) PART ONE: DOUBLE TROUBLE "Hurry! We don't have much time!" Dr. Diana Davis called to Rembrandt Brown from across the lab. Maggie Beckett helped Rembrandt to strap Mallory into a metal chair. The Sliders had finally found a world that had was capable of splitting the two Quinn Mallorys once and for all. The people of this world were also incredibly nice. Two scientists had offered to lend Diana a hand in getting the job done, and even allowed the Sliders access to their Science Lab. They had just under a week to separate the two alternates and get Colin back. Maggie stepped back against the wall with Remmy when they were done. She was so nervous. This had to work. Mallory was starting to grow on her, but she missed Quinn. Sliding, (or anything else for that matter,) just wasn't the same without him. Her heart was racing as she glanced over at Rembrandt. She knew he felt the same way. Remmy had been there since the beginning and he and Quinn had gotten very close, almost like brothers. Rembrandt looked over at Maggie. He smiled reassuringly at her. He knew she was worried. He was too. He couldn't wait to see Quinn again. Mallory was okay, but it just wasn't the same. He was tired. He just wanted to go home. Sliding wasn't even exciting anymore. In the beginning, it had been an adventure. The Professor, Wade, Quinn, and himself had been just like the famous explorers, conquering new worlds and new civilizations, but now it was like they were being forced to trudge on. He sighed.

Mallory glanced over at Maggie and Rembrandt. He wondered what it

would be like when "their Quinn" came back. They wouldn't want him around anymore, and probably couldn't wait to get rid of him. Mallory sighed. They were the only real friends that he had ever had, but he knew that he had to let them get "their Quinn" back. It was the right thing to do, and he couldn't live like this forever. Mallory nodded at Diana. It was time. Diana sighed. She wondered if this would work. Maggie and Rembrandt were counting on her to do this right. With a deep breath, she shut her eyes and flipped the switch. Maggie and Rembrandt had their eyes squeezed shut, too.

Quinn hadn't known what had happened to him. At first he could look out through his alternate's eyes and even control what he said at times. When he realized what had happened, he knew that unless he could take control of the body, he would be "snuffed out". He concentrated and made "Mallory", (as he heard his friends call his alternate,) see his memories and dreams. For some reason, though, the body that they now shared took on these memories physically. Quinn knew that he had to find another way to take control, but time was against him. Slowly things started to fade. He could no longer see out, and he couldn't hear what was going on outside the body. Quinn felt as though he was being suffocated. Just as everything grew pitch black, a small patch of light appeared. Thinking it was the end, Quinn "walked" toward the light and out into daylight. He blinked his eyes and when things focused, he was confused. He was not in Heaven after all. He was in some sort of Lab, lying on the floor. He couldn't tell if he was in his own body or not, but either way, he couldn't move. "Oh my God! Quinn! It worked!" squealed a familiar voice. Maggie! His heart raced as he tried to stand, but he still couldn't move. He tried to speak, but only a moan came out. Maggie knelt down in front of him, laughing and crying with joy. Had he lost his mind? Was he dreaming? Or was he really back in his own body?

Diana gasped. It worked! She ran to Mallory's side, and unstrapped him. The two scientists, Dr. Hensel, and Dr. McCloud, wheeled over a gurney and helped her put him on it. She turned to look at Remmy and Maggie's friend. She was surprised to see how different they looked. Maggie and Rembrandt loaded Quinn onto a gurney as well. "Do you know where we can stay? Maybe get a bite to eat?" Remmy asked Dr. Hensel. "Of course! If you'll just follow me, I know just the place." responded the scientist, pushing Mallory out of the lab and down the hall. Remmy followed, pushing Quinn, and Maggie and Diana followed him. Dr. McCloud stayed behind and watched them leave. Then he went to the phone and dialed a number. When his party answered, he smiled. "They just left, Sir...Yes, everything went as planned...You're welcome, Sir." with that, he hung up. As they walked down the hall, people stopped to watch them go by, sometimes cheering and clapping. "What do you think that's all about?" Maggie frowned. Diana shrugged, nervously. Something was not right with these people, but none of the Sliders knew what it was. Dr. McCloud led them down the corridor to the very last room. He stopped and fished in his pocket for his key ring. Finding the right key, he fitted it into the lock and unlocked the door. Dr. McCloud swung open the door to reveal a room that was an almost exact replica of their usual suite in the Chandler Hotel. Maggie frowned. So did Diana and Rembrandt. This was getting weird. Meanwhile, the scientist wheeled Mallory into one of the adjoining rooms and put him into bed. Remmy followed, reluctantly, with Quinn and put him in the next room. Diana and Maggie stepped inside and looked around. "I hope you will enjoy your stay. I believe the room is to your liking? If there is anything you need, just call me,

okay?" Dr. McCloud said cheerfully, as he turned and left the suite. They heard the door latch behind him. Maggie sighed and collapsed into an armchair. "This is great! Just great! What are we supposed to do now? Wait here until we Slide?" she moaned. Remmy sat down on the couch and Diana sat beside him. Diana sighed. She had to try to get back to that lab to get Colin back, but now they were locked in. Quinn opened his eyes. Where was he? He struggled to sit up, but the pain was too great. He collapsed back with a groan. He had seen enough of the room to recognize it as the Chandler Hotel, and the shooting pain throughout his body told him that he was indeed in his own body. Now what? Where was Rembrandt? And Maggie? He laid still and tried to think. What was the last thing he remembered? Just then, someone knocked on the door and the three Sliders heard the door unlock. Rembrandt went to answer it, but before he got to it, the door opened. Three men in black suits and dark glasses stood in the doorway. "Mr. Brown? We need you and your friends to come with us." A tall, blonde haired man announced importantly. Maggie leaped to her feet, indignantly. "How do you know our names, and just who the Hell do you think you are, coming here...?" she cried out. "Secret Service, Ma'am." The agent interrupted her, flashing his badge. "You are wanted by the President of the United States. It's a matter of deep importance." "The President? You must be mistaken, you see, we just got here an hour ago. We couldn't possibly have done anything wrong." Maggie tried to reason with them. "Are you Margaret Beckett?" "Yes." "And do you have any friends or companions by the name of Quinn Mallory, Colin Mallory or Rembrandt Brown?" "Yes, but..." "Well, then I have the right people. Now come with me. Agents Dave and Walter will watch over your friends while you are gone." With that, the agent turned and walked down the hall. Diana and Rembrandt followed. Before she left, Maggie carefully slipped Diana's Panel and the Timer into her coat pocket.

End
file.